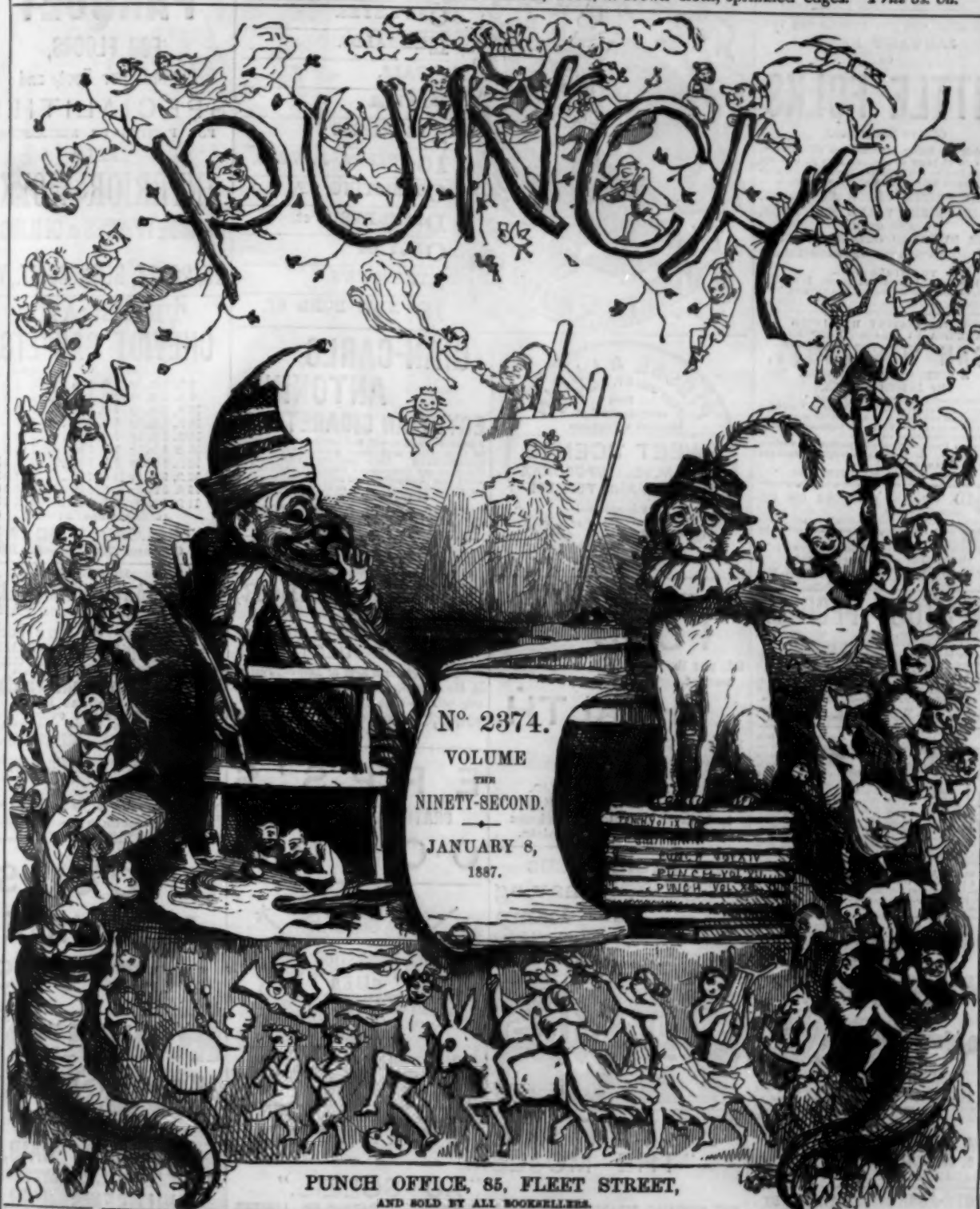


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THE LETTER-BAG OF TOBY, M.P.

OUR CHIEF IN A RAGE.

DEAR TOBY,

MONTE CARLO, Monday.

I suppose I may as well address you by your proper name. This foolery about "BYTO" has now, doubtless, served its purpose, and we may be assumed to have come to our senses. It was RANDOLPH began this, as he does everything else that is bad. If there had been no "MR. SPENCER," there would have been no "BYTO, M.P.," and, I daresay you will add, no "MR. BISHOP." But I took that name only for a few days, have cast it off with the cloak, and you can now address me by my proper name, of which I have no reason to be ashamed.

Since we parted at the foot of Mount Vesuvius a great deal has happened, for which I hold you directly responsible. If you had only been content to hold your peace, there would have been no Ministerial Crisis. But you must needs go writing "Memoirs," letting cats out of the bag, and otherwise playing the doose with me and high politics. Why will people write Diaries and Memoirs? Do you forget what a distinguished lady said in a recent trial about the danger of writing Diaries? But you plunge in, and bring down about our heads one of the best built architectural constructions that has been reared for many years, though I say it that should not.

Up to the date of the publication of your confounded "Memoir," everything was going on swimmingly. Had got HARTINGTON out here and was gradually bringing him round. In another week he would have been entirely with us. The Prince of MONACO—and though I am seriously displeased with you, I am bound to admit you managed that business well—has left nothing to be desired. He has entered into our scheme with an enthusiasm far beyond what might have been expected from him. I daresay you have seen that paragraph in the newspapers about him cruising in the Mediterranean "studying the speed of the ocean currents." I got that circulated. Fact is, MONACO has been acting as my emissary in negotiating the Great International Alliance that shall reduce BISMARCK to his proper proportions, and bring England, under my leadership, back into the place she filled in Elizabethan days. In addition to the Day of Algiers and the Nights of Malta, whose alliance you secured, MONACO has sworn in the BRY of Tunis, the DOGE of Venice, and the ARCHIMANDRITE.

There is no saying what other ramifications this work of statecraft might not have reached but for your reckless meddling. Everything was working admirably

in the profoundest secrecy. HARTINGTON was supposed to be taking an innocent holiday. No one recognised in the stately figure draped in sleeveless cloak, wearing blue spectacles and entered in the hotel books as "Mr. BISHOP," the Leader of the only genuine Conservative Party in England. As for MONACO he was, as we have seen, engaged in scientific pursuits in the blue Mediterranean. RANDOLPH was lulled to sleep; the Markiss was in a state of somnolence. In another fortnight or three weeks we should have been able to throw off all disguises, seize upon the helm of State, and steer the hoary vessel on to the loftiest pinnacle of national fame. When you, forsooth, must betray us! I do not accuse you of traitorous design, or of lack of fidelity to me and the cause. It was stupidity, my dear TOBY, crass stupidity.

What followed was easily foreseen. RANDOLPH is a man of resolution and resource. You showed our hand; he trumped it. Never was so fair a game spoiled by the maladroitness of an inconsiderate confederate. Our *coup de main* must necessarily be postponed, perhaps indefinitely. HARTINGTON has been summoned back by the Markiss. MONACO is tearing his hair, and wants to know whether he can get to Central Asia in his yacht. The DOGE is dazed, the DRY despondent, the BRY baffled, and the ARCHIMANDRITE seeks solace in strong language. England's chance of reassuming its place among nations is sunk in the abyss, and BISMARCK is more blatant than ever. And all this because you could not restrain your too facile pen! I hope at least it will be a warning to you.

As for me, I tarry here awhile, listening with dulled ears to the croupier's cry, "*Le jeu est fait! On ne va plus!*" Yours, broken-heartedly, HENRY CH-PL-N.

NO WORK TO DO!

Brief Comedy, as performed recently, with some success, by certain Members of the Unemployed in Suburban Districts.

ACT I.—SCENE—An Unfrequented Back Suburban Street. Enter Six of the "Unemployed." After making sure that there is no Policeman about, they commence bawling a popular hymn. Chorus of Unemployed, concluding ninth verse of popular hymn with redoubled vigour—

Hangels of light,

A singing to welcome the pilgrims ho-of the night,
A singing to welcome the pilgrims ho-of the night!

Mrs. Bungler Bountiful (at window). Ah! those poor men out of work! How cold and famished they look! I wonder they've got any voice left to sing with. It's really too bad of the Government, or somebody, not finding them any work to do. Dear me! it's very sad. I must really give them a trifle. (Goes to door, and gives them a shilling.)

Spokesman of the Unemployed. Thank you kindly, lady, to help poor, honest, starvin' working-men, who can't get a job nowhere, though their wives and children is 'ungry and forlorn at home, and cryin' for the crust as they'd be thankful for. Thank you kindly. (Is about to recommence bawling popular hymn, but noticing Policeman approaching at the end of the street, retreats hurriedly with his companions round the corner into the adjacent Square.)

Mrs. Bungler Bountiful (watching their departing figures with benevolent interest). Poor men! I'm sure their distress was quite genuine!

ACT II.—Another spot in the neighbourhood. Parish Official discovered superintending the removal of accumulated snow. Enter Six of the Unemployed. They slouch about and survey the operations surlily.

Parish Official (noticing them). Cheerily. Ah, my men, out of work. Do you want a job?

Spokesman of the Unemployed. P'raps we does. P'raps we doesn't. Depends on what it is.

Parish Official. It's to clear this snow away.

Spokesman of the Unemployed. What clear that there away? and what's the swag?

Parish Official. Your pay will be fourpence an hour.

Spokesman of the Unemployed. Chivey! Fourpence an hour! Why, what do you think me and my mates is made of, to be slave-driven like that! Why it would be no bargain at heightpence!

Parish Official. I thought that as you had no work—
Spokesman of the Unemployed. Who said we had no work to do? Come along, mates! let's give 'em the "Pilgrims" down along the hother side. (Exeunt to support their starving families in a more excellent way.)

WRANGLERS AT OXFORD!!

In the *Pall Mall Gazette*, last Friday, a Correspondent wrote to say that the Rev. E. S. FFOULKES had complained of the Rev. Mr. FLETCHER to his Bishop for putting forward doubts as to the fall of ADAM. Ahem! so "FFOULKES rush in where angels fear to tread." Much better be happy together, and join in the old nigger chorus—

Some FFOULKES do,
Some FFOULKES don't,
Long live the merry time!
We'll laugh both night and day

In the Jubilee!
No matter what some FFOULKES say.

And if it is a theological controversy in which it may be said of him that he is "Old FFOULKES at home," then the sooner the Rev. Mr. FLETCHER drops the subject (and whoever heard of FLETCHER doing anything without BEAUMONT?) the better for him—and everybody. Finally, Wranglers are quite out of place at Oxford, and at Cambridge they only wrangle about Mathematics.

CROCODILE'S TEARS.—M. SARDOU's regret that in his last new play he should unconsciously have plagiarised TOM TAYLOR's *Overland Route*.



RATHER STARTLING.

"WELL, COUNT! ANY SPORT THIS MORNING?"
"HÉLAS! MON AMI, VERY SAD SPORT! I 'AVE SHOT THREE BEAUTIFUL MIMES!"
[He means he has missed three beautiful Shots.]

ON DIT.

THE series of Articles on Foreign Affairs in the *Fortnightly* are to be signed "*Ipsa Dixit*." The MACDERMOTT is to have a new seasonable version of his Song, supposed now to be sung by a man with "a cold id 'is 'ed," commencing, "CHARLEY DILKE with pel ald ilk, Is writil for the *Fortnightly*."

UNDER the heading of "A Novel Feature at a Wedding," we read in our favourite evening newspaper that on the departure of the bride and bridegroom there was a torchlight procession headed by Sir ARCHIBALD LAMB. Let him be henceforth styled Sir ARCHIBALD LAMP.

WHAT a night it was! The New Year came in here, through the fog, with a new set of stamps. No wonder! Any amount of stamps wouldn't have done much towards warming his poor feet between midnight, 1886, and one A.M. 1887. The New Year came in with new stamps—we'll hope he won't go out with an old breakdown.

ANOTHER NAME FOR HIM.—Lord RANDOM, of course; but why not, *pro'hde vice*, Lord RAN-OFF?

TAPPERTIT'S REVOLT.

DICKENS ADAPTED TO CIRCUMSTANCES.

Gabriel Varden . . .	Lord S-L-SD-RY.
Simon Tappertit . . .	Lord R-WD-LPH CH-RCH-LL.
Mrs. Varden . . .	C-ns-rv-t-ve P-rt-y.
Miggs . . .	The St-nd-rd.

CHRISTMAS was close at hand—all seemed to be going with seasonable ease and cheerfulness; but SIMON TAPPERTIT, whose mysterious demeanour and erratic ways had lately given the worthy locksmith some disquiet, was very late.

GABRIEL VARDEN, with his lady, and Miss MIGGS, sat watching in the little Cabinet.

Miss MIGGS, who had arrived at that restless and sensitive condition of the nervous system which are the result of long watching, and considerable snubbing, did, by constant rubbing and tweaking of her nose, a perpetual change of attitude, frequent surprised elevation and frowning depression of her eyebrows, the incessant recurrence of a small cough, a gasp, a sniff, a sigh, a spasmodic start, and by other demonstrations of that nature, give the beholders to understand that she was far from satisfied with the existing condition of things, and that only a sense of duty upheld her, and nerved her to endurance.

Mrs. VARDEN seemed too sleepy to say much, though she may possibly have been thinking a good deal.

"Ally Leoyer, Mim!" cried Miss MIGGS, "there's SIMMUN's knock!"

"Who's there?" said GABRIEL.

"Me!" cried the well-known voice of Mr. TAPPERTIT.

GABRIEL opened the door and gave him admission.

He stalked haughtily into the room, and throwing himself into a chair, and endeavouring to thrust his hands into the pockets of his small clothes, which were turned inside out, as indeed his coat seemed to be also, surveyed the household with gloomy dignity.

"SIMON," said the locksmith, gravely, "how comes it that you

return in this condition? Give me an assurance that you have not been among those confounded Radical associates of yours, and I am satisfied."

"Sir," replied Mr. TAPPERTIT, with a contemptuous look, "I wonder at your assurance in making such a demand."

"MARTHA," said the locksmith, turning to his wife, and shaking his head sorrowfully, "I trust it may not turn out that this poor lad is the victim of the fools and fanatics we have so often had words about. If he has been at H-w-rd-n or B-rm-ngh-m—"

"He has been at neither, Sir," cried Mr. TAPPERTIT in a loud voice, which he suddenly dropped into a whisper as he repeated, with eyes fixed upon the locksmith, "he has been at neither."

"I'm glad of it with all my heart," said the locksmith, in a serious tone, "for if he had been, and it could be proved against him, our Great Association would never have forgiven him."

"He was not at H-w-rd-n nor at B-rm-ngh-m, G. VARDEN," said SIMON, sternly; "but he was at Westminster. Perhaps, Sir, he snubbed a Metropolitan Member; perhaps, Sir, he tapped a Naval Lord. You may stare, Sir, I repeat it—perhaps he tapped a Naval Lord. Who knows? Beware, G. VARDEN!"

"You spoke of MIGGS, Sir," ejaculated Mr. TAPPERTIT, scornfully. "You spoke of MIGGS, ah! and MIGGS has spoke of me on several occasions in a manner I shall not demean myself by describing. MIGGS be smothered!"

"Oh, SIMMUN!" ejaculated that lady in a faint voice. "Oh, Mim! Oh, Sir! Oh, goodness gracious, what a turn he has given me!"

"This Party may all be smothered, Sir," returned Mr. TAPPERTIT, after glancing at her with a smile of ineffable disdain. "Be warned in time, G. VARDEN!"

But here the two women threw themselves in the way—especially Miss MIGGS, who fell upon him with such fervour that she pinned him against the wall—and conjured him, in moving words, not to go forth till he was sober; to listen to reason; to think of it; to take some rest, and then determine.

"I tell you," said Mr. TAPPERTIT, "that my mind is made up. My bleeding, o'ertaxed country calls me, and I go! MIGGS, if you don't get out of the way, I'll pinch you!"



SEASONABLE REJOICINGS OF GOG AND MAGOG.

Duch. "WE'RE NOT GOING TO LOSE
THE COAL AND WINE DOGS!"

NONE SUCH BENEFACTORS AS US,
AND NOBODY NOT ONE PENNY THE WUKE!"

"Oh, SIMMUN!" cried Miss Migges. "Oh, my blessed SIMMUN! Oh, Mim! what are my feelings at this conflicting moment!" "I leave," said SIMON, turning to his master, with an utter disregard of Migges's maidenly affection, "a cash-box up-stairs. Do what you like with it. I don't want it. Provide yourself, Sir, with a journeyman or a cashier. I'm my country's journeyman, my country's cashier! Henceforth that's my line of business." Hereupon SIMON, gathering himself up as straight as he could, plunged head-foremost at his old master, doubled him up, and darted down the street like a mad dog.

"Go thy ways, SIM, go thy ways," said the locksmith, as soon as he could speak. "I've done my best with thee, my lad, and would gladly have kept thee in good company and from a bad end, but the Radical rope is round thy neck, I fear."

So saying, and shaking his head in a very sorrowful and disconsolate manner, he turned back and soon re-entered his own house, where Mrs. VARDEN and the faithful Migges had been anxiously expecting his return.

THE DRAMA IN OXFORD STREET.

Mr. Punch. You have asked my opinion of Mr. JONES's piece—
Mr. Nibbs. Excuse me, Sir. But the author's distinguished name should be given with the sort of flourish with which it is set off on the programme, where it is printed thus:— [Produces it.]

— Henry • Arthur • Jones. —

Pardon my drawing your attention to the fact, Sir, but it is so evident that the gentleman who has put his name to this bill wishes it to be understood that, though it is only JONES, he is the Onliest JONES, and must be announced in the arena as "HENRY (alarums) 'ARTHUR (fanfare) JONES! (Grand flourish of trumpets)."



Mr. Punch. Surely, Mr. NIBBS, this is a small matter, which, if it please Mr. JONES, does not hurt us. I was about to say that the Noble Vagabond, up to the end of the

Second Scene of the Third Act, is, as exciting and ingeniously-contrived a melodrama as one would wish to see. But at this point, just when a strong climax is essential, it collapses in a muddled situation, which very naturally disappoints an expectant audience.

Mr. Nibbs. I am entirely of your opinion. The Scene at the Fair was spun out with a purposeless boxing-match, and if the Professor who was floored had only got up and sung "Oh, what a surprise! Two lovely black eyes!" the audience could not have been more astonished than they were at the termination of the Act, though they might have been more pleased.

Mr. Punch. Then in the last Act, though all that acting can do is done to re-kindle the excitement, yet in the scene of *équivoque* between the hero, the heroine, and the returned Baronet, there is such a strong element of comedy, as there must always be in a dialogue of cross-purposes, that the dramatic instinct of any intelligent audience is opposed to taking it seriously; and a laugh in the wrong place is, at such a critical moment, fatal to the melodrama.

Mr. Nibbs. But, Sir, having placed your finger on the weak part of the play, can you at all suggest how it might have been avoided?

Mr. Punch. Only by reconstruction. The materials are all there. The idea of impersonating a murdered man is not, of course, new,—it was done most effectively in *Henry Dunbar*,—but the motive in the *Noble Vagabond* gives the requisite novelty.

Mr. Nibbs. It struck me that the dialogue was terse and telling.

Mr. Punch. Undoubtedly, and we were not overwhelmed with sermons and elocutionary essays, which threatened at one time to become a Princess's tradition,—just when everybody wanted the action of the piece to "get on," and the elocutionist to get off.

Mr. Nibbs. Mr. WARNER is good.

Mr. Punch. It is fair to assume that he realises Mr. JONES's ideal of a Noble Vagabond as nearly as possible, or he would not be playing the part. His imitation of *Old Scorer* is certainly excellent.

Mr. Nibbs. Mr. GEORGE BARRETT, too, is one of our best low comedians in a homely part like this of the Showman.

Mr. Punch. A part not strikingly original, but always popular and safe. I should like to see Mr. GEORGE BARRETT play ROBSON's part in the *Porter's Knot*. I was delighted with Miss DOROTHY DENE as *Maud Dervon*; she is thoroughly in earnest.

Mr. Nibbs. She is comparatively a novice.

Mr. Punch. We only heard of her coming out last year, and by this time she has achieved a very marked success. She is a young actress of great performance and of still greater promise. She possesses that spark of dramatic genius which may be fanned into a flame, not by the puffing of flatterers,—which would extinguish it,—but by the gentle breath of judicious critics. Seeing her so good as she is—and I much doubt whether there is anybody of her youthful standing on the stage who could have played this part half as well—I am inclined to ask where was the stage manager, just to give her performance that finishing touch, which otherwise she can only acquire by experience, or may, as too frequently happens, fail to acquire at all?

Mr. Nibbs. I know exactly what you mean, Sir, and suppose that the fault lies with a defective system of rehearsal. Of the actors I thought Mr. CARTWRIGHT uncommonly good as the villain, and Miss ANNIE HUGHES very nice and sympathetic as *Dinah Vimpany*.

Mr. Punch. Mr. WALTER HARRIS's scenery is most picturesque and appropriate. I shall tell all my friends to go and see this piece for the sake of Miss DOROTHY DENE's performance and Mr. WARNER's remarkable imitation of the make-up and manner of Mr. JULIAN CROSS as *Old Scorer*. I shall warn them against disappointment in the Third Act. Good evening, Mr. NIBBS. I am going to see the Extravaganza-Pantomime at the Avenue, where I shall be pleased to meet you; and next week, perhaps, we can discuss it. *Au revoir!*

HOW WARS ARE GOT UP.

(By Our Special Foreign Correspondent—but we've stopped him in time.)

VIENNA, Jan. 1st.—Just now I am sure your readers will be thirsting for a new sensation, in place of the one provided by a recent *cause célèbre*, prematurely concluded, so I hasten to wire you a most extraordinary rumour which is circulating in the highest circles of this Capital, in which I invariably move. It has reference to the mental condition of the Emperor of GERMANY. I was talking to-day to a Diplomatist, whose name, were I to give it to you, which I, unfortunately, can't do, would in itself be a guarantee of the complete credibility of every word he utters, and he assured me, as a fact, that the German Emperor is under the impression that war with France and Russia has already broken out, and that BISMARCK only keeps him quiet by forging bogus telegrams from the seat of war, describing victories for the Fatherland! Also, in his occasional paroxysms that Kaiser WILHELM is in the habit of taking pot-shots at passers-by from one of the windows of the Palace Unter den Linden, and the amount of hush-money which the Crown Prince has already paid to relatives of persons killed in this way is enormous. An unlucky attendant who hid the Emperor's revolver the other day, as a measure of precaution, was actually scalped by the infuriated monarch, and none of his *entourage* come near him without wearing bullet-proof armour under their Court uniforms, and being provided with chloroformed handkerchiefs to wave in the aged Kaiser's face in case of necessity. You can judge from these incidents on how slender a thread the peace of Europe now hangs.

PARIS, Jan. 2nd.—I may mention, under all possible reserve, a fact which has just come to my knowledge. General BOULANGER, acting on a hint from his friend, a sworn ally of the Czar, has executed a masterly coup, which forms a Gallic counterpart to the kidnapping of Prince ALEXANDER of Bulgaria. You have been informed in previous trustworthy communications from me that the French War Minister desires an addition of one hundred million pounds sterling to the French Budget, in order to provide a supply of new epaulettes and tinned-meats to the Army. Finding M. GOBLET unwilling to sanction this expenditure, he took down a couple of hundred masked men, one dark night recently, to the country residence of the Prime Minister, and surrounding the place so as to prevent any of the inmates escaping, forced that Statesman (who at the time was having a modest supper of anchovy-toast and *vin ordinaire*, preparatory to retiring to bed) to sign the order to the different manufacturers and to the Treasury. The apparition of General BOULANGER late at night, with a sword between his teeth, and a loaded revolver in each hand, uttering tremendous threats, is stated to have unnerved M. GOBLET, so that you need not be surprised to hear of his resignation at any moment. Can anybody doubt, after this, that we are on the eve of a devastating European conflict?

VIENNA, Jan. 3rd.—I told you before that the Emperor WILLIAM is now a raging lunatic. His last freak is to imagine himself a Fasting Man, and to refuse to take any nourishment of any sort. BISMARCK and MOLTKE have to stand over him, and force him to eat at the sword's point! BISMARCK has already been twice shot in the leg, and MOLTKE's cocked hat (which he always wears) has been carried away by a bullet from his Royal Master, and the Chancellor and the veteran soldier both threaten to resign in consequence. This intelligence is absolutely authentic. War (against somebody or other) may be declared at any instant!

ST. PETERSBURG, Jan. 5th.—To-day's *Official Messenger* has the following passage:—

"The idea that a great European war is preparing for next spring, is chiefly kept alive by the hysterical correspondents of certain foreign newspapers. These journals do not perceive that by perpetually harping on the subject, they are themselves helping to produce the catastrophe they pretend to deprecate."

Your readers will be able to judge from this extract, that the Franco-Russian-Germano-Austro-Turko-Italian war is really very near indeed. I have been busy prophesying it, as you know, for some time past, but this official *communiqué* (which, to be understood, must of course be read as meaning exactly the contrary of what it states) puts the imminence of the conflict beyond a doubt. I should advise anybody who holds foreign stocks to sell out without a moment's delay, especially as I have just wired my London broker to take advantage of the fall, which I trust this telegram will cause, to buy into most of them, and look sharp about it.

VIENNA, Jan. 6th.—I have just found out that my previous authentic information about the German Emperor was not quite so authentic as I thought it. I now have it on *unimpeachable authority* that the Kaiser WILHELM is perfectly sane, only rather feeble from age. I hasten to send you this reassuring intelligence all the more readily because the member of the Austrian Imperial family who imparted it to me, and who is an intimate friend of mine, seemed quite hurt at my recent statements, and, in fact, threatened to call me out, if I did not at once retract and apologise. My personal liking for His Imperial Arch-Highness, who is an excellent

shot, and practised duellist, renders this task not so much a duty as a positive pleasure for me to perform.

ST. PETERSBURG, Jan. 7th.—Expect me in London shortly. I am expelled from Russia by fiat of the Czar! Your readers will remember that I quoted a short extract from the *Official Messenger* as to the chances of a great European War. Unfortunately, nobody here is allowed to quote from the official journal without leave, so they say, but I believe it is an excuse. After being chained in a dungeon to a Nihilist for four-and-twenty hours, as a sort of "first warning to the Press," I have been politely told that I must choose between leaving Russia for England or for Siberia. I don't like to say what I think of this treatment, as this telegram will have to pass the official Press Censor; but I reserve for your private ear my reasons for adhering to the idea that war is absolutely certain, and at no distant date.*

* And we reserve something for his private ear when he shows himself at our Office.—ED.

"HARRIS" IN WONDERLAND."

WONDERLAND! rather! Sure such a sight was never seen on the stage of Old Drury. Wonderland! a land full of marvels, marvellous even to Mr. E. L. BLANCHARD, whose magic pen has been busy over this Jubilee Pantomime.

Hail, AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS IMPERATOR, hail! or rather snow, for on what a Boxing Night was thy Pantomime produced! Yet the people crowded in, glad to get out of the cold, and eager to give their great AUGUSTUS a warm and hearty greeting. Gorgeous is the Druriolanian Pantomime called *The Forty Thieves*, and well worthy of the Augustan Age. Until now we had no idea what an enormous number was forty! Forty Thieves!—four hundred more likely, and these the very pick of pickpockets, splendid women, handsome girls, shapely forms and pretty faces, resplendent in all the bravery of glittering armour, of many-hued silks and satins, their eyes gleaming with the ardour that Indian-inked lashes alone can impart, their cheeks aglow with the healthy flush of the rouge-pot, and their skins fair with the sheen of delicate bismuth, and soft with the pearl-strewn powder. Steel your hearts against such thieves, or they'll steal them. Year after year we are saying, Never was there such a scene as this! Each new Pantomime eclipsing the previous one in scenery and costumes. Welcome again to our BEVERLEY! It is no disparagement to the other talented artists that the veteran's work is *facile princeps*. Long may it be so!

But the fun? Well, on the first night it was only possible to see where the fun would be after the third or fourth performance, when the Pantomime works closer, and when the three low comedians, Messrs. NICHOLLS, CAMPBELL, and STEPHENS, shall be on such familiar terms with their author as to warrant them in getting along without his aid. Such names as theirs to a Pantomime bill speak for themselves. By the time these lines appear the fun will have begun. What larks the Donkey (Mr. LAURI) and the Monkey (Mr. MARTINETTI) will have when they are quite at home for the holidays, it is easy to foresee; and that they will be the delight of thousands of children of all ages is a certainty; but let the two gymnasts limit their animal spirits to the stage.

As to the story, "the long and short of it" was represented by Miss EDITH BLAND-BRERETON, six feet high, as the dashing leader of the harmonious band, with Miss DOR MARIO, three feet nothing, as her lieutenant. Miss CONSTANCE GILCHRIST was not a very dashing *Morgiana*, but Miss EDITH BRUCE, as *Ganem*, was lively enough for two. Mr. PATEMAN played the avaricious brother in a style that shows us he has a soul above pantomime.

The energy of the Conductor, Herr WALLENSTEIN, made up for the brevity of the Overture, and anything like the enthusiasm with which this Boxing Night audience cheered the National Anthem has not been heard within the walls of Old Drury for years. It was a thorough Jubilee thrill that ran through the house. The spectacle is costly and brilliant, the designs and the combinations of colour are in exquisite taste. AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS may well sing—



"Pleased as Mr. Punch."

"I'm monarch of all I survey;
My right there is none to dispute.
My Pantomime's splendid and gay,
And every taste it will suit."

True, O AUGUSTUS, but, when next Christmastide comes round, couldn't you try to give us a shorter Pantomime? couldn't you contrive to let your opening scenes be in the dark caves, with the dear old unintelligible demons speaking an unearthly and awful language? Couldn't you then take us to the fairies, and give us a genuine ballet of fays, in which the graceful *ÆNEA* could have a part, having by that time invented some novel aerial flight of fancy? Couldn't you arrange with a Fairy to come and change the lovers into Harlequin and Columbine, and with a Demon King to turn the Wicked Baron into Clown, and the miserly old hunks of a father into Pantaloon? Throw in the swell and the policeman, and there's your real Christmas party.

AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS! There will be—there must be—a reaction in favour of King Clown, deposed by cabal and not by the voice of the People. But at the same time one word in the ear of the last of the great PAYNE-tomime Family, Mr. HARRY PAYNE, whom, to our great regret, the lateness of the hour prevented us from seeing on Boxing Night; let him prepare during the year four genuinely good comic scenes, with new tricks and plenty of irresistible drollery, so that when his chance comes he may be ready to assert his position and be himself again. At present *C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas le Pantomime*.

A CHRISTMAS "CARROLL."

OUR Child-Critic says that the place to spend a really happy afternoon is at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, where *Alice in Wonderland* is being played. "They must know the book," she says, "and then they'll recognise all Mr. TENNIEL's pictures walking about." The Dormouse is delightful, she adds, and the Oysters charming. Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee are very funny, and *Alice's* introduction to the Mutton and the Plum Pudding—illustrated with "cuts"—is one of the best things in Messrs. SAVILE CLARKE and EDGAR BRUCE's entertainment.

MR. C. F. KEARY, we are told, has written an essay, for private circulation, on the Evolution of Money, and Heredity and Variation in the World's coinage. If he wants a good Darwinian-sounding title for his book, he might surely call it "The Origin of Specie."

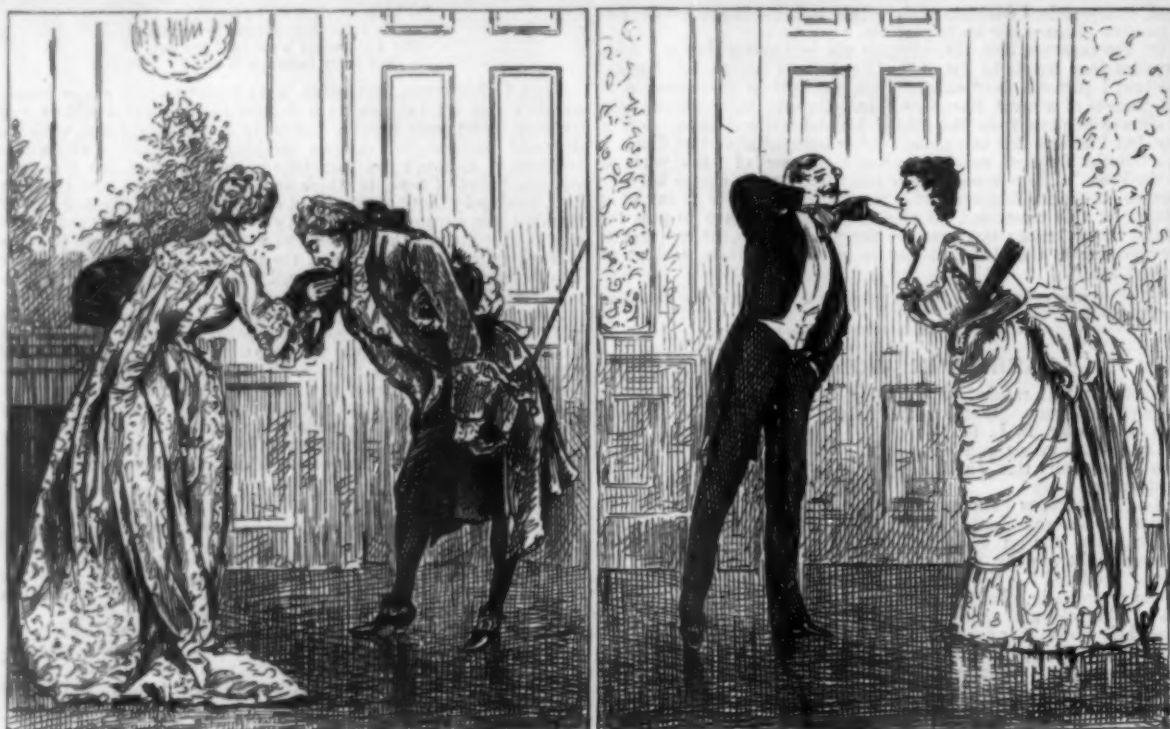
"FARJEON SMILES UPON US!"

ORIGINALITY of design, considerable humour and consistent development of character, combine to make Mr. FARJEON's *The Tragedy of Featherstone*, one of the best romances he has written, perhaps the best from a literary point of view.

But admiring readers of Mr. FARJEON's novels, as of BOISGODDET's, grudge every bit of superfluous work, no matter how good, which distracts their attention from the story in which, from the very first line of the very first chapter (a great point with both authors) they have become deeply interested. Mr. FARJEON doubtless has frequently sacrificed his own likings for the sake of his readers, but when he stops in his narrative to depict a humorous scene, which is only remotely, if at all, connected with the main issue, or when he pauses to give a little extra local colouring, or to bring into prominence the eccentricities of a character to whom readers are only friendly as long as he is kept within his proper limits in the story, he forgets his rule of self-sacrifice, and tries the patience of his many friends, who resent being compelled to skip and jump—alighting sometimes in the wrong places, and having to try back—in order to get on with the tale.

Much of the Cheap Philanthropist, Mr. Pennyfold, in this story could well be spared, including the school treat; but the revenge of *Tommy Mayple* on *Thrifty Miller* is genuinely humorous, and well serves its purpose as a "carpenter's scene" in a melodrama. But Mr. FARJEON's mission, we contend, is not to cause laughter, but to "make our flesh creep," which was the *Fat Boy's* sole aim in narrating the story of Mr. Tynman and Miss Wardle to the Old Lady. He must not break off in the midst of unravelling a thrilling mystery to tell us a good joke. We may laugh at it, if it is a really good one, but we get it over as quickly as politeness will allow, and say, earnestly, "Proceed! Your story interests us much." *The Tragedy of Featherstone* is exciting, humorous, pathetic, and always interesting.





1787.

"HERE'S A HOW-D'Y-DO!"

1887.

A CHAPTER ON THE EVOLUTION OF DEPORTMENT.

THE GREAT-LITTLE "RANDOM."

PER of the Public and pride of the Ring,

Master of excellent fooling,
Beating in patter and tumble, and fling,
Fellows with ten times his schooling,
Great-Little RANDOM the company led.
Was it a wonder he went off his head?

Went off his head? That, of course, is the charge;

He, with a fist in each pocket,
Laughs at his elders, who frown and look large,

Turns, and is off like a rocket.
"What, Mr. Ring-Master, not have my way?"

Do as you like, then, old man; I shan't play!"

Does he walk out like a Droll in a huff?

What is this conduct to end in?

Has he indeed, as they say, "Cut up rough?"

Or is he "only puttendin'?"

Clown, tho', best knows his own "business" himself.

Great-Little RANDOM's a comical elf!

DESCRIPTION OF MR. HENRY IRVING (as lately given by Mr. Wilson Barrett in America).—"A distinguished countryman of mine." Ha! Now HENRY is indeed distinguished. A proud moment for Mr. IRVING. This was said to the Philadelphians. The Messrs. GATTI might send their Harbour Lights Company over, as they are regular Fill-Adelphi-uns. The Messrs. GATTI, being Italians, cannot be introduced by Mr. W. B. as "distinguished countrymen of mine." What a pity!

OFFICIAL MINUTES.

WE have received the following particulars from the Admiralty and War Office regarding the British War Preparations. It will be at once seen that these are of a character calculated to alarm the British Tax-payer:—

THE NAVY.

1. Seven men and a boy will be immediately added to the strength of the Royal Navy, to assist in washing up the crockery on the Royal Yachts.

2. A presentation Jubilee violin will be presented to our Royal Admiral as his *rosin d'être*.

3. The purchase of two of the river steamboats to relieve the Channel Fleet in the event of foreign complications. These will be armed with a new telescopic gun—which can be discharged at both ends at once, —and manned by the Unemployed.

4. The construction of a two-thousand-ton gun will be commenced immediately, with a breech action of such elaborate and delicate construction that it is thought that nobody will care to go within half-a-mile of it, should it ever be loaded.

5. H.M.'s ships, *Incapable*, *Unsteerable*, *Harmless*, *Blunderer*, and *Unmanageable*, will be at once pressed forward, and will proceed to sea without either guns or ammunition.

THE ARMY.

1. New cooked hat for the Duke, warranted to go off.

2. New Rule for Line Regiments. — "Children in arms not admitted."

3. The sending out of a complete Foodless

Battery of Artillery for the defence of the North-West frontier of India.

4. The purchase of six cab-horses for remounts in the heavy cavalry regiments.

GENERALLY.

A new button-hole is now occupying the attention of the Military Authorities. When approved, it will be sent to Aldershot for trial with the old buttons.

It is under consideration to enter into a contract with the Universal Provider, on advantageous terms, for the supply of two regiments—one infantry and one cavalry—complete, and warranted ready for active service.

A Troubled Tory's Suggestion.

OUR RANDOLPH we've lost, and we cannot get HARTY—

A Leader we must have with power and pith; Well, it seems to need *welding*, the Unionist Party;

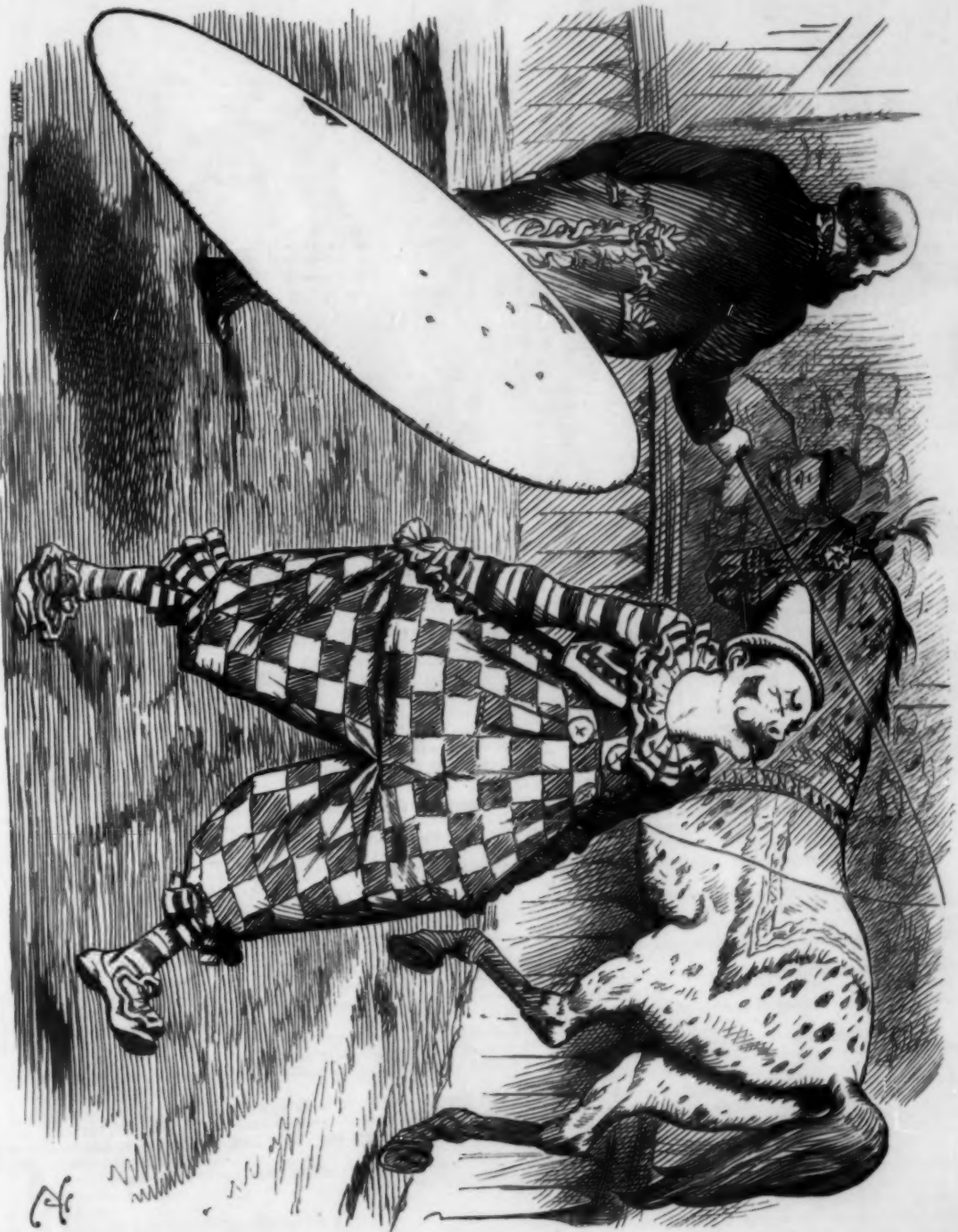
One might have a worse than a SMITH!

Mrs. RAM's nephew did not get through a College examination. "He was all right," his Aunt said, "as long as he was writing the answers to printed questions, but he failed when it came to the *vice versa*."

"Hush! 'tis the Night-Watch!"—no, not the old song by HENRY RUSSELL, but the old picture by KEMBRANDT, etched by WALTNER, and published by BRUSSET VALADON & Co., successors to Messrs. GOUFIL.

AGILE AS KITTENS.—The pupils of KATTI LANNER.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—JANUARY 8, 1887.



THE GREAT-LITTLE "RANDOM."

"I SHANT PLAY ANY MORE!" (Sings)



THE GREAT BUILDING - HAVARD



NEW AND STARTLING SLACK-WIRE PERFORMANCE.

UNDER THE SPECIAL PATRONAGE OF THE TELEPHONE COMPANIES
AND THE METROPOLITAN BOARD OF WORKS.

SALVAGE SMALL-TALK.

SCENE—*A Linendraper's.* Large boxes full of cards occupy the counters; behind them are flushed young women, more or less short of temper; double row of undecided customers.

Enter the Conscientious Purchaser with Sycophantic Companion. This is a cheap place to go to—you only pay twopence three-farthings here for a card they'd ask as much as threepence for at some shops!

S. C. (with enthusiasm). How very nice, dear!

C. P. Now let me see—have you got the list? I always like to make sure that all my cards have something appropriate about them.

S. C. But, then you have such wonderful taste, dear?

C. P. I take a little pains over it—that's all. We'll begin at this tray, shall we, and work round? Would you send one to the SKYMPERS—or not? I see I've put them down—but really, it's so long since they asked us to dinner. Well, I can settle that afterwards, can't I? Just tell me when you come across anything you like, and put it aside.

S. C. Don't you like this, SOPHIA, isn't it perfect?

C. P. A little commonplace, I think.

S. C. Yes, perhaps it is, but rather a striking kind of commonplace in its way, don't you think? No? Well, perhaps you're right, dear!

A Simple-Minded Old Gentleman (to Bland Shopman). Look here, I want a card to send to a little girl.

B. S. Certainly, Sir! Now, here's a card we're selling a good many of—"Ye Festive Skeletons" in two subjects—represented as eating plum-pudding, and playing blind-man's buff, you see. The pair for sixpence three-farthings, Sir.

S. O. G. (doubtfully). Um, haven't you got anything livelier?

B. S. (surprised). Livelier, Sir? Those are considered very lively, this year, I assure you.

S. O. G. Don't seem to me quite suitable for a child.

B. S. (tolerantly). Think not, Sir? Do you like this? Churchyard and ruined tower, with moonlight effect—we find that a popular design.

S. O. G. No, no. Haven't you got something more—more Christmassy? Robins, holly,—that kind of thing?

B. S. (with pity). Oh, dear no, Sir! You won't find that class of article at any respectable shop!

C. P. I want something for Mrs. CHARTERHOUSE GREEN. Not a wassail-bowl, my dear! She only came out of that Retreat Place last Friday!

Overworked Shoplady (to Assistant). What are we doing those angels playing the 'arp at?

Assistant. Twopence three-farthings; sixpence set of three. But we're sold out of angels.

O. S. Well, give me some of those cats with fiddles, will you?

C. P. Now, tell me, would dear TIMBIE think I meant anything personal if I send her a cat? It won't do to send FLORENCE CRACKENDELT Darby and Joan by the fireside, if it's true he's filed a petition, will it? I think, on the whole, a snow-scene will be safer.

A Vague Purchaser. Oh, I want one of those new Art cards—those with a kind of a little—well, not a sketch exactly, but—dear me, I could explain what I mean exactly, if you were to let me see one. It's too provoking I can't think of it! Not in the least like that! It's published by those people who brought out so many of the same sort last year. (To a Friend.) If it wasn't a linen-draper's, they'd know directly!

A Meek Housemaid. If you please, have you a penny one with two clasped 'ands?

B. S. Not at this time of year. They don't come in season till February, clasped 'ands don't.

Simple-Minded Old Gent. (leaving shop with purchase). I'm not altogether sure, even now, that a photograph of two stuffed toads kissing under the mistletoe is exactly the sort of thing to please a child as young as little ELVIE!

C. P. And you've got me envelopes to fit them all? Very well. How much did you say? Five-and-tence three-farthings! Oh, then I must find some others not quite so expensive. No, I won't take any I chose first, thank you! Let me see. Yes, you may pick me out a dozen from this penny tray. It doesn't matter which! (To Companion.) Saves so much trouble, doesn't it?

S. C. Much the most sensible way of doing it, dear. I should never have thought of it myself; but you are so full of clever ideas! I'm sure you must feel this a great tax upon you.

C. P. I don't mind a little trouble for my friends. They like to be remembered so!

The Prudent Fiancé. Must send MARIA something, I suppose! That's a pretty thing now—Eh, hand-painted on china, is it? Only five shillings? Ah, what was that again I saw in the window—the sole of a slipper with something about "hard times" on it? You may put me up one of those. (To himself.) A girl likes something that makes her laugh.

A Nice Child. I've bought all mine, such beauties! I got Grandma a card with a purse full of sovereigns on it, because she forgot to send us anything last year, you know,—and such a funny fat pig for TOMMY, he always eats too much on Christmas Day. Oh, and two turtle-doves for Papa; he hasn't spoken a word to Mummy, except naughty ones, for two days—fancy! And a picture of five playing-cards for that Mr. REDFLUSH, that, Papa says, can't get anyone at the Club to play with him, and a horrid one for JESSIE—because she sent me one with a monkey on it, before, and a lovely one for you, Aunt MARY, if you don't mind it being not quite clean! You shall see them all if we happen to stop at a confectioner's going home. Do you think we shall, Auntie dear, do you?

Overworked Shoplady (to Assistant). I say!

A. Well, what?

O. S. You remember that party with the 'andbag, at my tray? that chose the tipy owls, the set of complimentary cards with gilt bats, and the row of sparrers on telegraph wires?

A. Her that took such a time and spoke so pleasant over it? Yes.

O. S. She could afford to speak pleasant—went away and never paid me for one of 'em!

A. Well, I wouldn't stand in your shoes for something when the accounts are gone through!

A Mild Man. Can you tell me how much this one is?

O. S. (tartly). Aren't they marked on the back? No! Sixpence three-farthings, then.

M. M. Are you quite sure? I took it out of a threepenny tray!

O. S. (more tartly). Then it had no business there, that's all! Anyone might tell that wasn't a threepenny card, I should ha' thought!

M. M. I'll take four, if you please.

O. S. (watching him out). If I only get one or two more of his sort, I shouldn't care!

A Feeble Customer (plaintively). I put all my cards down in this corner, and now they've got all mixed, and I don't know which are mine, and which are somebody else's!

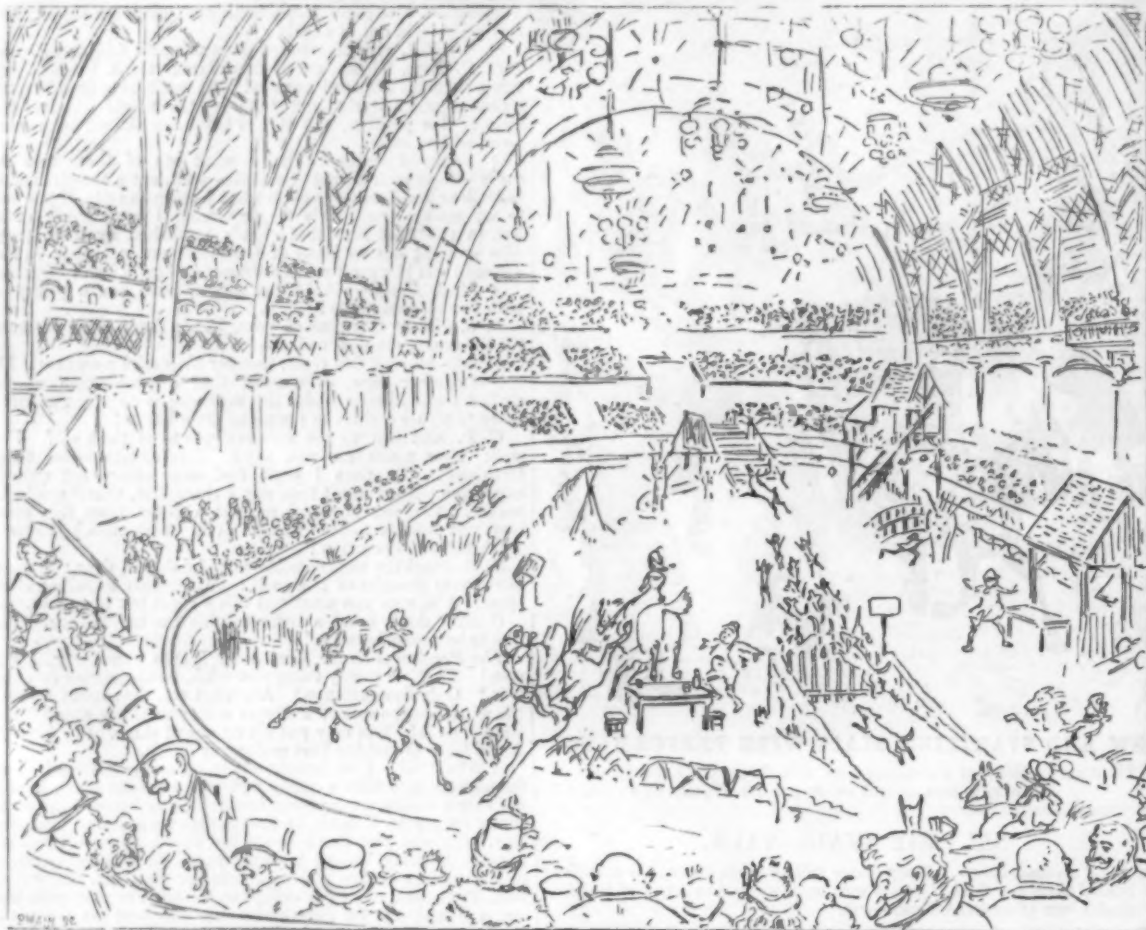
A Pert Young Woman. I want a card of small shirt buttons, half-a-yard of narrer tape, and two packets of egg-eyed sharps.

Bland Shopman. Oh, we can't attend to you now—look in another evening.

P. Y. W. I'll see if they've got 'em at the Stationer's!

[Scene closes in.]

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 45.



HIPPODROME AT OLYMPIA. RAPID ACT SKETCH. By Our Electro-Lightning Artist.

IN THE FIRST OLYMPIAD.

THERE has not been seen in London, within the recollection of anyone under thirty, anything equal to the Hippodrome performances now daily and nightly going on at Olympia. It does not enter into rivalry with a circus entertainment.

The comic business is confined to the acrobatic and pantomimic actions of two twin Drolls, who may be termed the Hippodromios, and then the donkey and his master are highly amusing. The race of unriden steeds is a very pretty thing to see, and as regards all these races, if the same horses always run, it is highly probable that the result is invariable, and a sharp frequenter of Olympia might do a good bit of business with casual visitors.

The Roman Games are a feature, though the Roman Feature itself is conspicuous by its absence. The chariot-racing is very exciting.

During an interval of twenty minutes, which might be shortened with advantage, the servants set up an extensive country scene, composed of pieces representing a mill, capable of holding a full-grown family of six, a bridge that would bear a regiment, a stream of painted canvas, trees, hedges, gates, a forge, tables and chairs, all suggestive of having come out of a box of Christmas toys for Giant's children, and of their having been laid out here in this picturesque fashion—quite a hamlet—for the Brobdingnagian infants to come and play with them. No Giants appear, but there is a ballet of action, from which it appears that a young peasant is deeply enamoured of the Maid of the Mill, and persists in his demonstrations of affection in spite of being warned off by the maiden's mother, an elderly lady of peculiar habits and vulgar manners, who slides down the mill-stairs, displaying more underclothing than is

ordinarily consistent with good breeding, and who, when specially aggravated by things going contrary, expresses her disgust with everybody by throwing somersaults and behaving generally in such a way as we should have thought would have disgusted any youthful aspirant for her daughter's hand, with the prospect of saddling himself for life with so undesirable and extraordinary a mother-in-law. However, he is madly in love, and the sporting gentleman pleads his cause and he is married, and everyone connected with the Hippodrome drives to the wedding and witnesses a dance between the newly married couple. In these festivities there is a wonderful doll, well worth seeing. "Oh, what a surprise!"

Then comes the stag-hunt; ladies and gentlemen, well mounted, jump the gates and hedges, race over the bridge, one lady clearing a table and bottles, and, the dogs having gone after the stag, the stag at last, apparently, goes to the dogs. Capital afternoon entertainment for boys home from the Classics during the present Olympiad.

TURNING OVER NEW LEAVES.

(By Our Own Paper-Knifer.)

SPIDERS of Society (F. V. WHITE & Co.), according to Miss FLORENCE MARRYAT, are mostly women, and men are the flies that are victimised in the webs they weave around them. The writer of this novel being of the fair sex, it is absolutely impossible that she could say anything unfair of her sisters. A woman's thoughts about women are always refreshing; and though Miss MARRYAT does not make the mistake of putting too much bitters in her sherry, she adds just enough to give piquancy to an amusing story. *Randolph Caldecott* (SAMPOSON LOW & Co.), by HENRY BLACKBURN, is a truly



OUR CHRISTMAS CONCERT.

The Rector (who conducts the Rehearsal). "SUPPOSE WE TRY THAT MOVEMENT AGAIN! I THINK, MR. FOOTLES, YOU WERE HALF A BAR BEHIND IN TAKING UP YOUR POINT. OH DEAR!—YOU'RE NOT GOING, MR. FOOTLES!"

Mr. Footles (our Flauto Secondo, huffed). "YESSIR. 'F YOU'RE SO PERTIC'LAR 'S T'ALF A BAR, I SHA'N'T JINE THE S'CIETY!"

delightful volume. It gives an account of his early life, from the time he was in the bank at Whitechurch, to 1879. To his "picture-book career" this volume is especially dedicated. It has over one hundred and seventy illustrations—among them several from the collection of *Mr. Punch*—and by the study of these we are able to appreciate the wonderfully graphic power and versatility of the artist, to see what marvellous work he did, though dying before the zenith of his powers were reached. We are not surprised to note that this volume is now in its fourth edition. *Wild Animals Photographed and Described* is the title of a portly volume by J. FORTUNE NOTT. Its title hardly, however, gives a good notion of its contents; *Our Private Zoo* would perhaps be a better one. The author's descriptions are nearly as good as a visit to the Regent's Park Gardens along with FRANK BUCKLAND used to be. Our *cicerone* is not too learned, neither is he too superficial. He writes in a popular style, but at the same time he conveys a large amount of information in a palatable form. The illustrations, although phototype reproductions of photographic negatives, are also, on account of their artistic merit, of distinctly "palette-able" form. Among them visitors to the Zoo will recognise capital portraits of many of their old friends. Yet another reprint of the ever-welcome work of CHARLES LAMB! This time Lamb is served up with sauce! What would C. L. have said to us for talking in this fashion? No matter! The sauce is good. It may not be mint-sauce, but then it is not *mint* to be. The sauce is the series of excellent illustrations by C. O. MURRAY, which will prove to be a source of great pleasure to all who peruse *Some Essays of Elia* in their latest form. *Romances of Chivalry* (T. FISHER UNWIN), by JOHN ASHTON, convince us that there really was romance in chivalry as well as in chivalry in romance. The illustrations are quaintly humorous; and if the people of those days were only half so funny as they are represented, there is no doubt the human race has sadly deteriorated. Our gallant knights are dull dogs indeed compared with the merry family that gaily disported itself in days gone by.

ILLUMINATED BY G. A. S.—His promised Autobiography.

OUR WINTER GARDEN.



"'Tis true, 'tis Piggy, and Piggy 'tis 'tis true!"

Shakespeare on the Scene in C. G. Circus.

latter is especially, that is pig-uliarly, amusing, and where all is so attractive in the Horse-Show provided by Messrs. DOUGLAS COX and HENRY—(why didn't Cox get Box to join him?)—this is saying a deal.

IN PUDDING-TIME.—On Saturday, the 1st instant, the Bulgarian Deputies enjoyed, at dinner, the hospitality of the Servian Consul-General in London, Mr. H. W. CHRISTMAS, who of course regaled them with substantial Christmas fare. (Pity that Government couldn't promise them a treat still more substantial.) Happy conjunction of Christmas with New Year. *Prosit omen*, and many Happy New Years to the brave Bulgarians!

COVENT Garden, of course, and the Circus. The Clowns and the LAVATER LES Musical Family are very droll: as also is FELIX,—happy name,—especially when he is trying to catch the butterfly. Among the fair ladies of the troupe, we should be inclined to give equal prizes to Mlle. AMALIA DE RENZ in her leaping pirouette acts, and Mlle. ROSITA on a bare-backed steed. But the Big Man and the clever performing Pig are the hits of the entertainment. The

STUDIES FROM MR. PUNCH'S STUDIO.

No. XI.—SEPTIMUS SWALLUM, THE CONFIRMED HYPOCHONDRIAC.

It is now quite ten years ago since SEPTIMUS SWALLUM may be said, to use his own graphic language, fairly to have "broken up."



Yet he is still about. Any afternoon you may meet him being dragged towards the Park in a Bath-chair, wearing on his face that expression of aggressive scowl that seems characteristic of the blighted fraternity who usually patronise those invalid vehicles; yet if you stop him, and tell him, which is probably a fact, that you think him looking much better, he will resent it almost as an insult, and reply, with a smile of sickly sarcasm, "Am I? Well, I wish I felt so," that leaves you no courteous alternative but to express a regretful sympathy, and inquire after his symptoms. These he will catalogue to you, dwelling on their worst features almost with relish, and they certainly are sufficiently appalling. Indeed, as he is jolted out of sight in his conveyance amidst the

crowd, you look after him with a feeling of wonder how, taking him at his own account, he can manage to hold together at all. Yet SEPTIMUS SWALLUM was not always thus. Ten years ago, before his "break-up," he was what he called a regular liver.

"I can't put my finger on anything in my present mode of life," he said, addressing the eminent practitioner whom he first consulted as to his state of health at the time, "to account in the least for my existing symptoms." He had been describing an overwhelming sense of lassitude that oppressed him in the morning, coupled with a sensation as if the ground were swaying under his feet as he walked home at night, together with a tendency to see two of everything—two doors, two windows, two shaving-glasses, two sets of fire-irons, and two newspapers, accompanied by a sharp pang something between a kick and a stab in his back. "And yet," he continued, "I'm a moderate man, and very careful about my food. I dine out a good deal, and am what you may call a hearty feeder, and I mix my wines pretty freely, and I'm fond of nuts, but I don't overdo it. Then in the course of the day I may take an occasional 'nip' as a pick-me-up, and I generally finish up with a 'nightcap' when I go to bed, but I'm confident I don't do anything to put me out of order in this fashion."

The eminent practitioner listened attentively, and giving his patient a prescription, in which the chief ingredient was a combination of potassium, and enjoining on him a daily diet of two underdone mutton-chops, and half a wine-glass of claret, took his two-guinea fee, and smilingly bowed him out.

SEPTIMUS SWALLUM tried his diet of underdone mutton-chops for three days, but finding, at the expiration of that period, that the ground swayed about under his feet more than ever, resumed his nuts, his nips, and his nightcap, and, making up his mind that something must be the matter with his head, determined to consult a famous specialist, noted for his success in treatment of obscure diseases of the brain. The interview took place, and the famous specialist, shaking his head blandly over the eminent practitioner's prescription, wrote out another, in which this time phosphorus, and not potassium, figured conspicuously. Moreover, he removed all restrictions in the matter of diet, advising a "generous table," and SEPTIMUS SWALLUM left him, hopeful and satisfied.

But neither his hope nor his satisfaction were destined to be of long duration. Not only was there no abatement in the old symptoms, but on the third day of the new treatment fresh and alarming ones, of a novel character, developed themselves, and SEPTIMUS SWALLUM, when sitting down, or rising from his chair, suddenly saw sundry luminous balls and stars floating about the room before his eyes. This frightened him. He expressed his opinion "that something must be very wrong with him," and the very next morning he put his case into the hands of a celebrated nerve doctor.

The celebrated nerve doctor was equal to the occasion. He quickly discontinued the phosphorus, but gave him instead a powerful acid tonic that, after a dose or two, bound an iron band round SEPTIMUS SWALLUM's head, and set up a singing in his ears that nearly deafened him and robbed him entirely of all sleep.

Then he grew desperate, and beat about wildly in search of fresh

advice. He consulted another specialist—this time fixing on one noted for his success in dealing with spinal mischief—and was treated liberally with nux vomica and strychnine, with the result that his facial muscles began to twitch convulsively, while a sudden, overpowering constriction set up simultaneously in his hands, arms, back, and legs. Then he decided that the doctors were killing him, and determined to take his case, as he put it, "into his own hands." This he did by having recourse to Patent Medicines. It was a sombre and severe experience, for in turns he tried them all! Indeed those who came across him during the progress of the experiment describe his condition at the time as apparently "much shattered." He lost flesh visibly, and by the end of a twelvemonth had come to the conclusion that drugs were even more deadly than doctors, and, in this frame of mind, stretching out his hands for succour, he had it thrust into them in the shape of an advertising pamphlet on the subject of Galvanism. He turned to it with the alacrity of despair, and forthwith invested in all the known appliances of the hidden recuperative force. He now walked about incased in belts, chain-bands and batteries. He went even further.

Those who called upon him when in the full flood of this phase of his therapeutic career, would find him frequently seated on a metallic plate, holding in his right and left hand respectively the positive and negative pole of a seventeen-guinea battery that was simmering on a table before him. Three months of this, however, "took it out" of him, and he became hysterical, and in this condition he fell into the willing hands of the proprietor of a great Hydro-pathic Sanatorium.

"You are poisoned with drugs, Sir," remarked the enterprising proprietor, heartily, "but we must eliminate them from the system," and so saying he instantly "packed" SEPTIMUS SWALLUM up in a damp sheet. The result of this "treatment" was, that after three months of it, he found himself so feeble that it was with a positive effort he broke away from it, scarcely able to hobble to the fly that took him to the station.

"Eliminate poison from the system, indeed!" he cried, threatening the proprietor of the establishment with exposure as he left; "why, you have eliminated nothing but my strength; but you have added chronic rheumatism to my other symptoms with your confounded cold water. You ought to be prosecuted." And so fuming he dragged himself up to town, where he sought relief from the mischief induced at the Sanatorium, for a short time, in a system of Scandinavian Massage, that he however soon abandoned, declaring that it only aggravated his pains, and made matters ten times worse, and from this period he may be said slowly but surely to have descended the remedial ladder, clutching wildly at and giving a temporary trial first to this nostrum then to that, suggested in turn by officiously advising friends.

A broken-down, battered, nervous, dyspeptic individual—such is SEPTIMUS SWALLUM at present; and it is not easy to say what possible further downward developments await his shattered constitution. It is true he still has the experience of the famous German and other Continental Spas open to him; but such is his terror of damp beds and draughts, and so strong is his disinclination to move out of his own arm-chair, and away from his own fireside, that he is not likely, except in a state of coma, to try the experiment, and be found whisking away in some foreign express, even though propped up by india-rubber hot-water bottles, and supported by continuous "nips" of brandy from a medicine glass. For when he is persuaded to leave his home to pay a short visit, he carries into the house of his temporary host all the discipline and paraphernalia of a hospital, and both breakfasts and lunches in bed, sleeps in a flannel bag, and when he does appear in the drawing-room, sits apart, wrapped up in a blanket, gazing at the fire in a settled gloom, which no conversational powers of those present, be they practised with ever such skill, are able not only not to dispel but even to penetrate.

But if you manage by any chance to draw SEPTIMUS SWALLUM out of that inner contemplation of himself which is now his habitual mood, and get him to hold forth for a few minutes on any subject whatever, you will quickly find him relapse into the one congenial topic that is ever uppermost in his thoughts—his symptoms, upon which dilating for a few moments with nervous insistence, he however soon relapses into his settled and familiar gloom.

"What I go through with, nobody knows," he complains, with a melancholy wail. "I don't sleep. I don't eat. I scarcely live. I can hardly see you where you stand, or hear what you say. That has come on only lately. But it gets worse every day. Ah! if you had only to go through half that I have, you'd precious soon cry out, I can tell you!"

Very likely! Poor SEPTIMUS SWALLUM! A victim? Yes—but a victim to himself. For it seems with all his aches, and his pains, his experiences, and his treatments, he has never got out of certain old bad habits. He still sticks to his nuts, his nips, and his nightcaps, and as, whatever else he may do, to the end he will never relinquish these, he is destined, to the close of his mournful mortal days, to be known among men, to the sport of his foes, to the terror of his friends, as that recognised social incubus, a confirmed hypochondriac!

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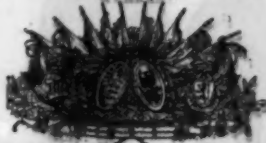
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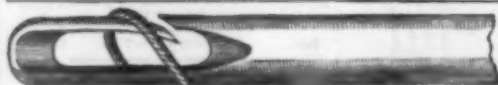
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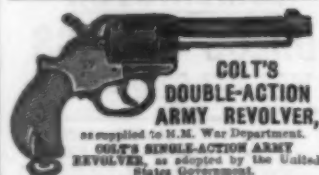
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